

That she may quickly come. By my old beard,
And euerie haire that's on't, *Helen* that's dead
Was a sweet creature: such a ring as this,
The last that ere I tooke her leaue at Court,
I saw vpon her finger.

Her. Hers it was not.

King. Now pray you let me see it. For mine eye,
While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd too't:
This Ring was mine, and when I gaue it *Hellen*,
I had her if her fortunes euer stood
Necessitated to helpe, that by this token
I would releue her. Had you that craft to reauce her
Of what should stead her most?

Her. My gracious Soueraigne,
How ere it pleases you to take it so,
The ring was neuer hers.

Old La. Sonne, on my life

I haue seene her weare it, and she reckon'd it
At her lines rate.

La. I am sure I saw her weare it.

Her. You are decei'd my Lord, she neuer saw it:

In Florence was it from a casement throwne mee,

Wrap'd in a paper, which contain'd the name

Of her that threw it: Noble she was, and thought

I stood engag'd, but when I had subscrib'd

To mine owne fortune, and inform'd her fully,

I could not answer in that course of Honour

As she had made the ouerture, the ceast

In heauie satisfaction, and would neuer

Receiue the Ring againe.

King. *Plutus* himselfe,

That knowes the tinct and multiplying med'cine,

Hath not in natures myserie more science,

Then I haue in this Ring. 'Twas mine, 'twas *Hellen*,

Who euer gaue it you: then if you know

That you are well acquainted with your selfe,

Confesse 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement

You got it from her. She call'd the Saints to suretie,

That she would neuer put it from her finger,

Vnlesse she gaue it to your selfe in bed,

Where you haue neuer comen or sent iours

Vpon her great disaster.

Her. She neuer saw it.

King. Thou speak'st it falsely: as I loue mine Honor,

And mak'st connecturall feares to come into me,

Which I would faine shut out, if it should proue

That thou art so inhumane, 'twill not proue so:

And yet I know not, thou didst hate her deadly,

And she is dead, which nothing but to close

Her eyes my selfe, could win me to beleue,

More then to see this Ring. Take him away,

My fore-past proofes, how ere the matter fall

Shall taze my feares of little vanitie,

Having vainly fear'd too little: Away with him,

Wee'l lift this matter further.

Her. If you shall proue

This Ring was euer hers, you shall as easie

Proue that I husbanded her bed in Florence,

Where yet she neuer was.

Enter a Gentleman.

King. I am wrap'd in dismall thinkings.

Gen. Gracious Soueraigne,

Whether I haue bene too blame or no, I know not,

Here's a petition from a Florentine,

Who hath for foure or fve remoues comen short,

To tender it her selfe. I vnderooke it,

Vanquish'd thereto by the faire grace and speech
Of the poore suppliant, who by this I know
Is heere attending: her businesse lookes in her
With an importing visage, and she told me
In a sweet verball breefe, it did concerne
Your Highnesse with her selfe.

A Letter.

Upon his many protestations to marrie mee when his wife was
dead, I blusht to say it, he wonne me. Now is the Count *Ref.*
fillion a widower, his vovues are forfeited to mee, and my
honors payed to him. Hee stole from Florence, taking me
leave, and I follow him to his Countrey for Iustice: Grant
it me, O King, in you it best lies, otherwise a seducer flow-
risher, and a poore Maide is undone.

Diana Capilet.

La. I will buy me a fomme in Law in a faire, and toulle
for this. He none of him.

King. The heavens haue thought well on thee *La.*
To bring forth this discour'se, seeke these suitors:
Go speedily, and bring againe the Count.

Enter Bertram.

I am a feard the life of *Hellen* (*Ladie*)
Was fowly snatcht.

Old La. Now iustice on the doers.

King. I wonder fir, fir, wiues are monsters to you,
And that you flye them as you sweare them Lordship,
Yet you desire to marry. What woman's that?

Enter Widow, Diana, and Parrolles.

Dia. I am my Lord a wretched Florentine,
Deriued from the ancient Capilet,

My suite as I do vnderstand you know,
And therefore know how farr I may be pittied.

Wid. I am her Mother fir, whose age and honour
Both suffer vnder this complaint we bring,

And both shall cease, without your remedie.

King. Come herher Count, do you know these Wo-
men?

Her. My Lord, I neither can nor will denie,
But that I know them, do they charge me further?

Dia. Why do you looke so strange vpon your wife?

Her. She's none of mine my Lord.

Dia. If you shall marrie

You giue away this hand, and that is mine,

You giue away heauens vovues, and those are mine:

You giue away my selfe, which is knowne mine:

For I by vow am so embodied yours,

That she which marries you, must marrie me,

Either both or none.

La. your reputation comes too short for my daugh-
ter, you are no husband for her.

Her. My Lord, this is a fond and desp'rate creature,
Whom sometime I haue laugh'd with: Let your highnes

Lay a more noble thought vpon mine honour,

Then for to thinke that I would sinke it heere.

King. Sir for my thoughts, you haue them ill to friend,
Till your deeds gaine them fairer: proue your honor,

Then in my thought it lies.

Dia. Good my Lord,

Aske him vpon his oath, if hee do's thinke

He had not my virginity.

King. What saist thou to her?

Her. She's impudent my Lord,

And was a common gamester to the Campe.

Dia. He do's me wrong my Lord: If I were so,
He might haue bought me at a common price.

Do not beleue him. O behold this Ring,
Whose high respect and rich validitie
Did lacke a Paralell: yet for all that
He gaue it to a Commoner a'th Campe
If I be one.

Conn. He blushtes, and 'tis hit:
Offixe preceding Ancestors, that femme
Confer'd by testament to th sequent issue
Hath it bene owed and worne. This is his wife,
That Ring's a thousand proofes.

King. Me thought you saide
You saw one heere in Court could witness it.

Dia. I did my Lord, but loath am to produce
So bad an instrument, his names *Parrolles*.

La. I saw the man to day, if man he bee.

King. Finde him, and bring him hether.

Ref. What of him?

He's quoted for a most pe-fidious slave
With all the spots a'th world, taxt and debosh'd,

Whose nature sickens: but to speake a truth,
Am I, or that or this for what he'll vtter,

That will speake any thing.

King. She hath that Ring of yours.

Ref. I thinke she has; certaine it is I lyk'd her,
And boarded her i'th wanton way of youth:

She knew her distance, and did angle for mee,
Madding my eagerneffe with her restraint,

As all impediments in fancies course
Are motives of more fancie, and in fine,

Her infinite comming with her moderne grace,
Subdu'd me to her rate, she got the Ring,

And I had that which any inferiour might
At Market price haue bought.

Dia. I must be patient:

You that haue turn'd off a first so noble wife,
May iustly dyet me. I pray you yet,

(Since you lacke vertue, I will loose a husband)
Send for your Ring, I will returne it home,

And giue me mine againe.

Ref. I haue it not.

King. What Ring was yours I pray you?

Dia. Sir much like the same vpon your finger.

King. Know you this Ring, this Ring was his of late.

Dia. And this was it I gaue him being a bed.

King. The story then goes false, you threw it him
Out of a Casement.

Dia. I haue spoke the truth. *Enter Parolles.*

Ref. My Lord, I do confesse the ring was hers.

King. You boggle shrewdly, euery feather starts you:
Is this the man you speake of?

Dia. I, my Lord.

King. Tell me firrah, but tell me true I charge you,
Not fearing the displeasure of your master:

Which on your iust proceeding, He keepe off,
By him and by this woman heere, what know you?

Par. So please your Maiesty, my master hath bin an
honourable Gentleman. Trickes hee hath had in him,
which Gentlemen haue.

King. Come, come, to'th purpose: Did hee loue this
woman?

Par. Faith fir he did loue her, but how.

King. How I pray you?

Par. He did loue her fir, as a Gent. loues a Woman.

King. How is that?

Par. Helou'd her fir, and lou'd her not.

King. As thou art a knaue and no knaue, what an equi-

uocall Companion is this?

Par. I am a poore man, and at your Maiesties com-
mand.

La. Hee's a good drumme my Lord, but a naughtie
Orator.

Dia. Do you know he promist me marriage?

Par. Faith I know more then He speake.

King. But wilt thou not speake all thou know'st?

Par. Yes so please your Maiesty: I did goe betweene
them as I said, but more then that he loued her, for in-
deede he was madde for her, and talkt of Sathan, and of

Limbo, and of Furies, and I know not what: yet I was in
that credit with them at that time, that I knewe of their

going to bed, and of other motions, as promising her
marriage, and things which would deriue mee ill will to

speake of, therefore I will not speake what I know.

King. Thou hast spoken all already, vnlesse thou canst
say they are married, but thou art too fine in thy euidence,

therefore stand aside. This Ring you say was yours.

Dia. I my good Lord.

King. Where did you buy it? Or who gaue it you?

Dia. It was not giuen me, nor I did not buy it.

King. Who lent it you?

Dia. It was not lent me neither.

King. Where did you finde it then?

Dia. I found it not.

King. If it were yours by none of all these wayes,
How could you giue it him?

Dia. Ineuer gaue it him.

La. This womans an easie gloue my Lord, she goes
off and on at pleasure.

King. This Ring was mine, I gaue it his first wife.

Dia. It might be yours or hers for ought I know.

King. Take her away, I do not like her now,

To prison with her: and away with him,

Vnlesse thou tell me where thou hadst this Ring,

Thou diest within this houre.

Dia. He neuer tell you.

King. Take her away.

Dia. He put in baile my lledge.

King. I thinke thee now some common Customer.

Dia. By loue if euer I knew man 'twas you.

King. Wherefore hast thou accus'd him at this while.

Dia. Because he's guiltie, and he is not guilty:

He knowes I am no Maide, and hee'l sweare too't:

He sweare I am a Maide, and he knowes not.

Great King I am no strumpet, by my life,

I am either Maide, or else this old mans wife.

King. She does abuse our eares, to prison with her.

Dia. Good mother fetch my bayle. Stay Royall fir,

The Jeweller that owes the Ring is sent for,

And he shall surety me. But for this Lord,

Who hath abus'd me as he knowes himselfe,

Though yet he neuer harm'd me, heere I quit him.

He knowes himselfe my bed he hath defil'd,

And at that time he got his wife with childe:

Dead though she be, she feelles her yong one kicke:

So there's my riddle, one that's dead is quicke,

And now behold the meaning.

Enter Hellen and Widow.

King. Is there no exorcist

Beguiles the truer Office of mine eyes?

Is't reall that I see?

Hel. No my good Lord,

Y

'Tis